

64 COLOR PAGES—A THRILL ON EVERY PAGE!

OCTOBER
NO. 4

10 CENTS

DAREDEVIL

10
SMASH
FEATURES

"The Greatest Name in Comics"



DEATH IS THE REFEREE! Will DAREDEVIL
kill or be killed in his attempt to save Tonia
from an unholy marriage to the world's
ugliest man . . . see page 12.

DON'T MISS
THE CLAW! DAREDEVIL! LONDON!
NIGHTRO! THIRTEEN!



BIRO

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



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DAREDEVIL

PRESENTS
10 SMASH FEATURES



ADVENTURE!

1. DAREDEVIL

Deep in the dark, mysterious forest of a lost island, a mad mortal hunts human game. DAREDEVIL must conquer him or leave his friends open to certain death. Suspense will leave you gasping for breath!

Pages 1-13

2. THE CLAW

The World's Worst Villain breaks the bonds of captivity and catapults New York into places such as the Earth has never known. Adventure that tingles your spinal!

Pages 16-22

3. NIGHTRO

When Oriental saboteurs strike at the heart of our country's defense program, the Devilson of the Dark embarks on a wild flight of daring. A thrilling tale of Oriental intrigue.

Pages 29-33

WAR!

4. LONDON

The debonair protector of England fights the crowning battle of his career as Nazi plots threaten the freedom of the Atlantic. Again LONDON proves to all that England can take it... and DASH IT OUT!

Pages 51-57

INDIANS!

5. REAL AMERICAN No. 1

When gamblers move out West to work their carnival racket, the Bronze Terror must stop to execute his just dealing. Rats in their faces. Two-fisted action with a stampeding finale.

Pages 34-39

PATRIOTISM!

6. PAT PATRIOT

When Western wise guys try to take PAT PATRIOT for a ride, the boomerangs their plan and smashes a sabotage plot which threatens the life stream of Western military defense. Jawbuckling excitement in a tense setting!

Pages 23-28

MYSTERY!

7. THIRTEEN

The Nemesis Number of All Time enters into the most baffling case yet as he tangles with a glass that—mystification of ancient evil.

Pages 44-48

FICTION!

8. PARDONS FOR CASH

An inside scoop on one of DAREDEVIL's unpublished accomplishments... a story of small rocket busters who held the FBI fooled until

Pages 14, 15, 49

SPORTS!

9. DASH DILLON

DASH DILLON couldn't speak German, but when a Nazi sub lurked nearby he took an instant and hot-to-hold-the-barber to win a race with romance. An exciting human interest yarn with a twist!

Pages 40-45

10. WHIRLWIND

The Blonde Bomber blots his way out of a misunderstanding and gains the admiration of his glamour-gilt manager. A heart-tickling yarn that could happen to YOU!

Pages 58-64

No other magazine has all these features. DAREDEVIL gives you high adventure, breath-taking thrills, hair-raising exploits found in no other magazine.

EDITORS

Charles Broo

Bob Wood

DAREDEVIL

The Greatest Name in Comics

BY
BIRO

WHY DO
MEN KILL
?

BOMBS FOR GAINS,
OTHERS FOR LOVE.
MANY HAVE KILLED
FOR REVENGE, YET
THERE IS BUT ONE
CASE ON RECORD
OF KILLING FOR
SPORT.
A GAME WHERE
DEATH IS THE
ONLY REFEREE!

THE SPORT OF DEATH STARS AT THE HOME OF THE SMITHS...

TONI SAUNDERS I'M
SO HAPPY YOU AND
BART WERE ABLE
TO COME!

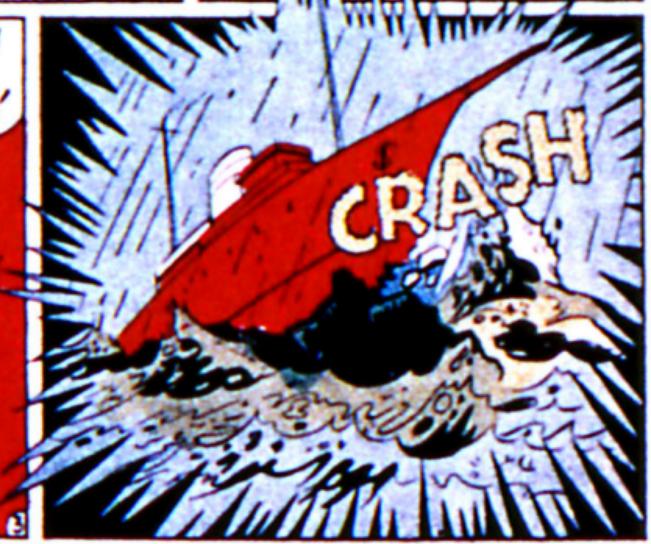
TELL ME SUE WHERE
ARE YOU TWO GO-
ING ON YOUR
HONEYMOON!

CONGRATULATIONS
JEFF! IT WAS A
PLEASANT SUR-
PRISE TO ALL OF
US. BEST OF
LUCK!

JEFF WANTS TO TAKE
THE YACHT INTO THE
PACIFIC. IT WOULD
BE HEAVENLY IF YOU
AND BART WOULD
COME!

I'D LOVE TO SUE BUT
I DOUBT VERY
MUCH IF BART WOULD
GO, HOWEVER HE'S
WORTH A TRY!



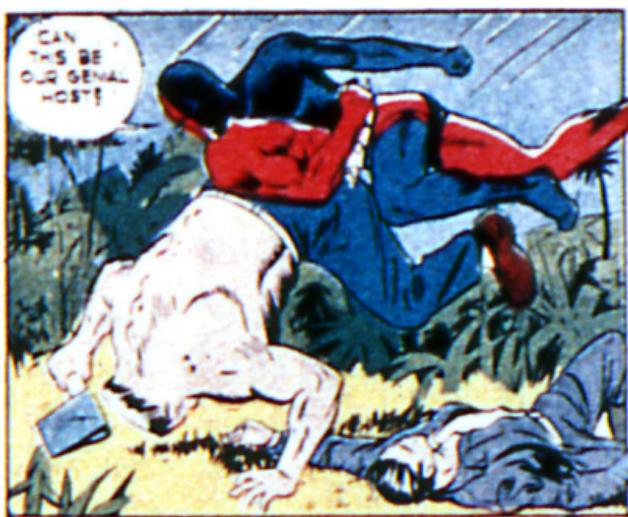














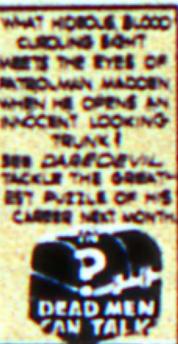
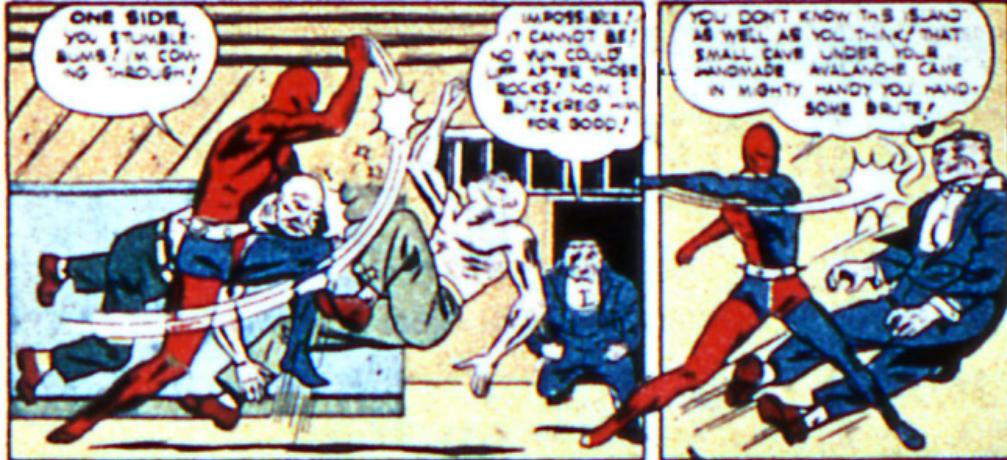
WITHIN THE HOUR, TWO OF THE MAD KILLER'S HALF-WIT STOOGES APPEAR ABOVE DAREDEVIL'S TRAP. THE ZERO HOUR IS HERE. HAS THE DAREDEVIL AN EVEN CHANCE WITH THE SPORTSMAN OR DEATH?











AT LAST!

DAREDEVIL

GIVES YOU

A HERETOFORE UNPUBLISHED YARN FROM HIS OWN SECRET FILES!

PARDONS FOR CASH

AS TOLD BY DICK WOOD

Jonathan C. Shultz paced the floor of his prison cell restlessly. Outside in the corridor he could hear the pacing of the guard making the rounds of the cell blocks. Nervously he leaped to the barred door and shook it with his burly hands.

"Guard! Guard! How much longer before the game?"

The guard's footsteps stopped and retraced themselves to Shultz's cell. He pushed his red face up close against the bars and spoke softly, tantalizingly.

"Now listen Shultz! When the ball game begins you'll be let out with the rest of the prisoners. Until then, if you don't want any trouble, keep your filthy face shut!"

Dejectedly Shultz returned to his cot and slumped down, face forward. This was humili-

ating. He, J. C. Shultz, taking orders from a guard—and forced to obey. But he mustn't lose control of himself. Today was the big day for the Sing Sing baseball team but it was the day of a bigger game for him. A game of life and death when everything he had suffered for the last six months could be turned into a delicious dish of freedom or corrupted into the dank darkness of a death pit. Yes, he must obtain rigid control of himself.

An hour later the hot August sun, in all its glory, blazed down upon the Sing Sing baseball diamond. Several thousand convicts attired in drab gray cheered excitedly as a home run hitter swung around the bases. But among the group one figure alone had no eyes for the sensational hit. Shultz was more interested in a water tower standing against the skyline, well out beyond the scoreboard at the far end of the field. For three straight innings his black, beady eyes never left this landmark. Then in the fourth inning a batter singled and crowd rose to their feet. And among them was Shultz twitching with emotion. But not for the game. On top of the water tower now a close observer would notice a flickering reflection—and Shultz was that close observer. A flashing glance at his watch and he was pushing hurriedly through the prisoners, making his way to the scoreboard at the end of the field. His teeth clenched tightly as he mounted the wooden steps toward the scorekeeper—a guard. Everything for years to come hung on the few words he would say now—and the manner in which he said them. Desperately he smothered an urge to scream out and release the tension within his body. Fun-



bling awkwardly in his uniform pocket he withdrew a slip of paper and handed it to the boney-faced guard. Slowly the guard read the note, then lifted his eyes and scrutinized Shultz closely.

"So the warden says you can keep score today, ay?"

"Yes Sir."

"I suppose you must have done something very good to deserve that?"

Shultz felt the blood pounding through his veins. Why must this stupid guard delay so? Every second was valuable — even now they might be starting!

"I reported a planned escape," he lied.

The guard looked at Shultz for a moment thoughtfully, then pocketed the slip of paper and started down the steps. At the bottom he turned. "Don't make any mistakes," he said.

Quickly Shultz fished into his pockets again and this time came out with a small shining piece of tin. Fumbling at the scoreboard he faked putting up a run and instead caught the sun's ray on the tin and sent it over the field toward the water tower. There! He had played his part, and well too, he thought. Now all he must do is wait.

Within ten minutes the roar of a plane's motor became audible within the prison yard. A few seconds later a small cabin plane hove into view and banked gently around the yard, as if taking pictures. On the under side of the large wing the name of a popular picture magazine was written in white letters. Several of

the prisoners waved to it. Even the warden lifted his hand casually from his seat close to the home plate. Slowly the plane was climbing now — to a height of several thousand feet. Then suddenly it dove. Straight for the ball park it hurtled its motor shrieking. Along the edge of the south wall it leveled off and headed straight for the scoreboard. A thick black smoke billowed out behind it now shutting off the entire wall from view. Screeching into a bank the plane shot back to lay another layer of smoke along the field outside.

Instantly the prison sprang into action. Sirens pierced the air — excited voices shouted orders. But all too late they had realized their mistake — **ANOTHER INGENIOUS PRISON BREAK HAD OCCURRED**

The next day in the offices of the F.B.I. at Washington, Captain Mellon faced his men with a determined look on his face. For the tenth time he was about to rehash the sensational run of individual prison breaks. But he never did say the words. At this moment a flashing red and blue figure sprang from his closet doorway and faced the gaping group with a broad smile. The captain's surprise suddenly vanished and he grasped the hand of the intruder.

"Daredevil," he thundered, "you're just the man I want to see!"

Daredevil drew up a chair and seated himself. "Thanks" he replied, "I thought I might come in handy somewhere."

"I tell you Daredevil, this escape business

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4



DAREDEVIL
Smashed the Rocket
King with a
terrific left

At last!

THE CLAW

IN CAPTIVITY!!!

By

BOB WOOD



AND SO THE IMPOSSIBLE HAS HAPPENED! THE CLAW, HATED BY MILLIONS THROUGH OUT THE CIVILIZED WORLD, IS AT LAST IN CAPTIVITY, THANKS TO THE CLEVER SCHEME OF BILL HOPKINS - THEY HAD PLANNED TO PARTITION OFF ONE THIRD OF SING SING PRISON TO HOLD THE MAMMOTH CREATURE - BUT EVEN THIS WAS NOT ENOUGH - SO NOW - SURROUNDED BY HUNDREDS OF SOLDIERS - HE IS BEING LED TO THE CENTRAL PARK ZOO WHERE HE WILL BE KEPT UNTIL THE MOST GIGANTIC PRISON OF ALL TIME CAN BE BUILT - BUT CAN THIS TITANIC MONSTROSITY BE KEPT IN SUBMISSION BY MERE MAN -

DOWN FIFTH AVE.,
ON A HUGE
BLACKBOARD,
COMES
THE CLAW
THOUSANDS
CROWD THE STREET
FASCINATED BY
THE UGLY KING OF
DESTRUCTION

IT'S
UNBELIEVABLE!

I ONLY HOPE
THOSE CHAINS
HOLD—I HATE
TO THINK—

BUT MIXED IN THE CROWD TWO
ORIENTAL ALLIES OF THE CLAW
MURMUR IN THEIR NATIVE LANGUAGE AS THEY WATCH THE PRO-
CESSION — — —

ONE SMILES
SARDONICALLY
AND REACHES IN-
TO HIS POCKET
FOR A SMALL
EVIL APPEARING
PILL BOX

THE MASTER'S
ORDERS WILL
BE OBEYED



YES! JUST A
SMALL PILL BOX—
BUT IN
LETTERS OF GOLD
THE CLAW'S
NAME IS WRITTEN
ACROSS THE TOP—
AND WITH PRINTED
INSTRUCTIONS
WHAT CAN THIS
MEAN?

MEANWHILE ACROSS THE HUDSON RIVER
AT THE HOPKINS HOME—THE ONE RESPONSIBLE
FOR THE CLAW'S CAPTURE—BILL
HOPKINS—is besieged by reporters—

HOW DID YOU
DISCOVER THE
CLAW'S HIDE-
OUT, MR. HOP-
KINS?

HOW
ABOUT A
PICTURE?

WERE
MANY
SOLDIERS
KILLED?

I'VE HAD ENOUGH
PUBLICITY FOR ONE
DAY—GUESS I'LL
CURL UP WITH
A BOOK
ON THE
TERRACE

STRANGE—
LOOKS LIKE
SOME HUGE
FORM OVER
IN THE
CITY—
MUST BE AN
ILLUSION—

BUT IT ISN'T AN ILL-
USION, SUDDENLY A
BUILDING TOPPLES!

NO! NO!
IT CAN'T BE!

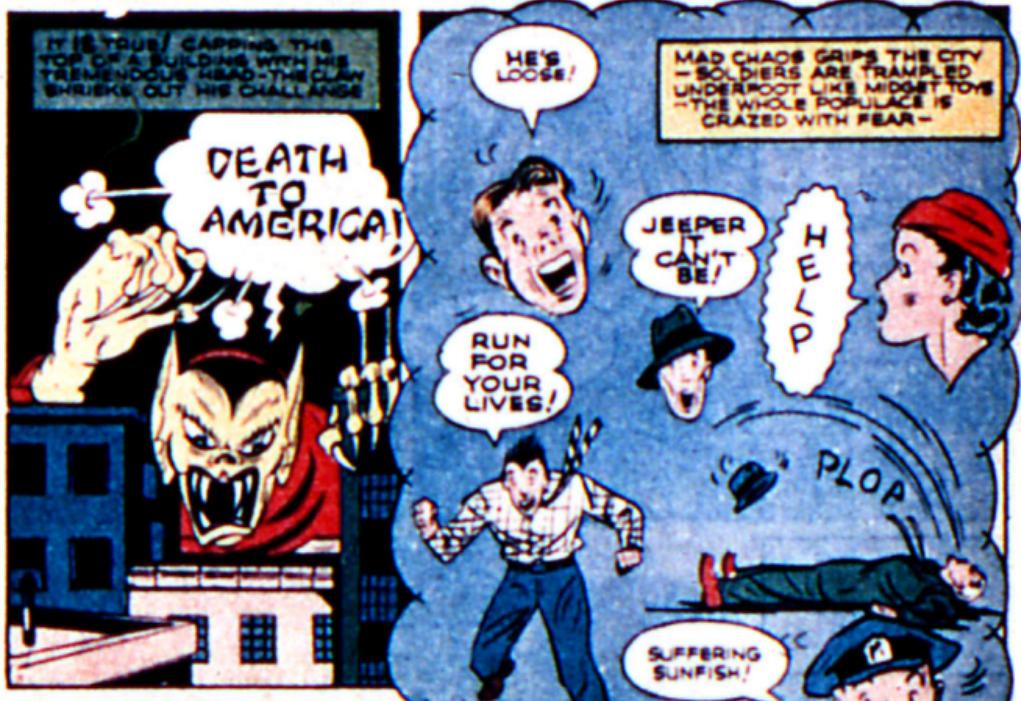


IT IS TRUE! GRASPING THE
TOP OF A BUILDING WITH HIS
TREMENDOUS HANDS, THE CLAW
SHRIEKED OUT HIS CHALLENGE:

DEATH
TO
AMERICA!

HE'S
LOOSE!

MAD CHAOS GRIPS THE CITY
— SOLDIERS ARE TRAMPLED
UNDERFOOT LIKE MIDGET TOYS
— THE WHOLE POPULACE IS
CRAZED WITH FEAR —

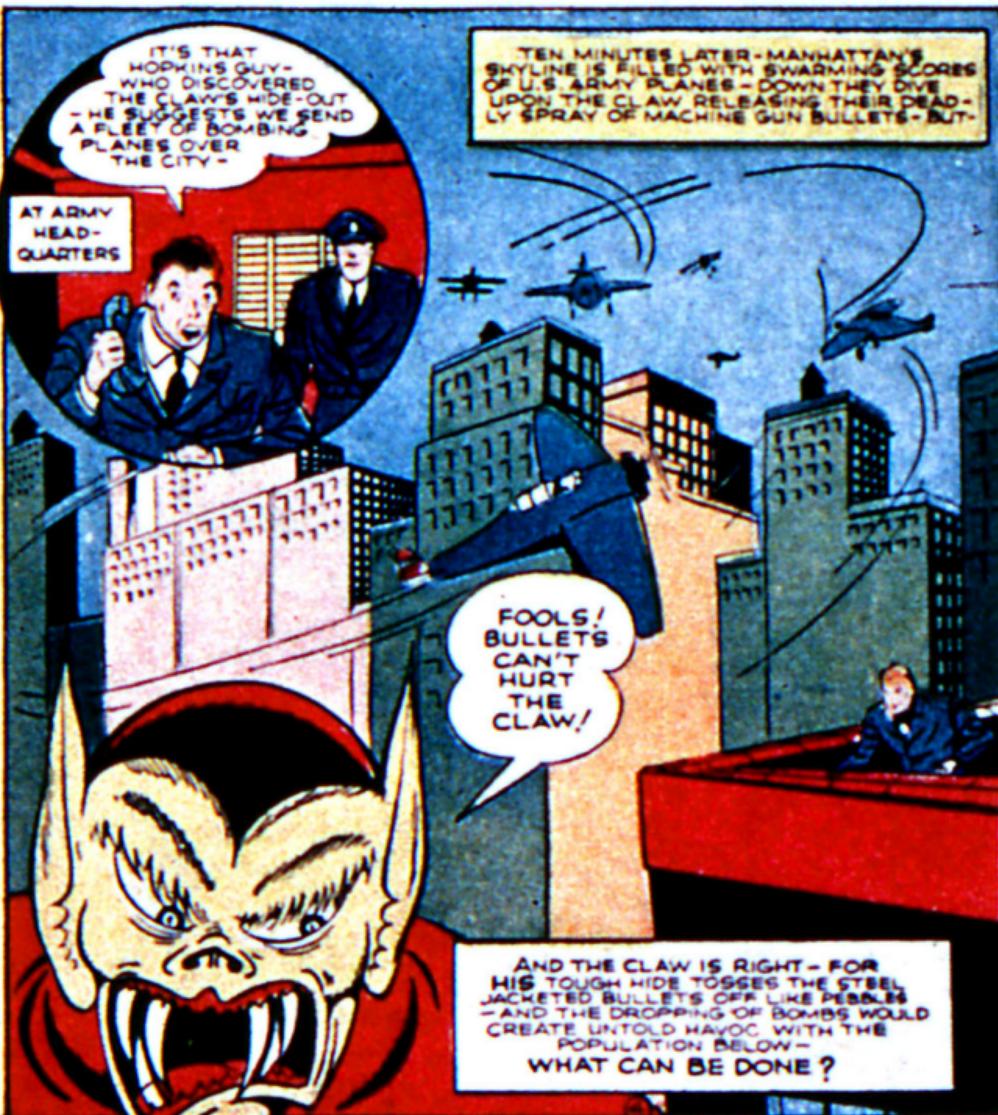


ON AND ON THE MAD MONSTROSITY
PLUNGESES — CRUSHING ALL BEFORE
HIM IN A WILD CAMPAIGN OF
DESTRUCTION —



HOW HAS THIS
TERRIBLE CATASTROPHY
OCCURRED? A MILLION
VOICES SHRIEK THE
QUESTION AS BUILDING
AFTER BUILDING
TOPPLES INTO
RUINS —

AT THE HOPKINS' HOME
HORRIFIED AT WHAT SHE HAD
SEEN, RUSHES INTO THE HOUSE



AMIDST THE
PUTILE
PLURRY
OF
MACHINE
GUN
BULLETS-
THE
CLAW
STOOPS
TO
PICK
UP
AN
ORIENTAL
HOVERING
NEARBY

YOU HAVE FOLLOWED
MY ORDERS FAITHFULLY
FU - THE PILLS WORKED
WELL - BUT NOW I MUST
HAVE THE ONE WHO
CAUSED MY HUMILIATION

YES
MASTER-
THE
EVIL ONE
IS BILL
HOPKINS-
THIS IS
HIS
ADDRESS

MOMENTS LATER - AT THE
HOPKINS HOME - THE GATHERING
SEES A STRANGE SIGHT ---

THE
PLANES
CAN'T
STOP HIM!
HE'S
HEADING
FOR THE
RIVER/
HAND ME THE
FIELD GLASSES

BILL/
HE'S
STARTING
TO
WADE
ACROSS!

WHAT BILL SAW THROUGH THE GLASSES WAS
ENOUGH TO CHILL THE MARROW IN THE BONES
OF THE STRONGEST MAN - FOR THERE WADING
ACROSS THE HUDSON RIVER - WAIST DEEP IN
WATER - CAME THE CLAW - LIKE BOthersome
MOSQUITOES - ARMY PLANES SWARMED OVER
HIS HEAD ---

BUT NOW THE TIME FOR
ATTACK IS RIPE - AWAY FROM
THE TEEMING POPULACE - THE
CLAW CAN BE BOMBED
IN SAFETY ---



SWIFTLY, THE ARMY
PLANES SPRING TO THE
ATTACK - DOWN THEY
PLUMMET - RELEASING
THEIR LOAD OF BOMBS -



CAUGHT IN THE RAIN OF
EXPLOSIVES THE CLAW CURSES
WILDLY - FOREVER HE CAN
NOT RESIST THEIR TERRIFIC
IMPACTS....

QUICKLY HE PILLS
HIS ENORMOUS LUNGS
AND DIVES BENEATH
THE SHELTERING WATER



AND NOW
FOR THE SILLY
ONE WHO DARED
HUMILIATE
THE CLAW—
HE SHALL
FEEL THE FULL
FORCE OF
MY WRATH

DOWN THROUGH THE STREETS OF HORROR SWEEPS
THE CLAW— THE TERRIFIED CITIZENS OF THE
SUBURBAN CITY— OVERCOME WITH FEAR— RUSH
FROM THEIR HOMES IN A WILD DASH FOR SHELTER—
AS THE MOST FEARED CREATURE ON EARTH—
STAMPEDEDS THROUGH THE DISTRICTS—

COMING UPON THE OPPOSITE
BANK OF THE RIVER— THE
CLAW'S EYES GLEAM AS HE
ANTICIPATES HIS REVENGE
ON BILL HOPKINS—

HELP!

THE
CLAW!

MEANWHILE ATOP THE
ROOF OF THE HOPKINS' HOME

HERE HE
COMES—
JEAN—
AND I
THINK
HE WANTS
ME!

OH—OH—
BILL—
HE'S
TERRIBLE!

CLOSER AND
CLOSER COMES
THE HORRIBLE
HULK OF
HUMANITY—
UNTIL FINALLY—
HIS RED EYES SEE
BILL HOPKINS!!

A BONEY HAND FLICKS OUT AND
DESCENDS UPON THE HOPKINS'
HOME IN A CLUTCH OF DOOM—

RUN
TO THE
BASEMENT
—QUICK!
JEAN—
I'VE AN
IDEA!

QUICKLY BILL RUSHES TO
THE SUPPLY ROOM AND
RETURNS WITH A CAN
OF KEROSENE—

HOPE THIS WORKS!

COURAGEOUSLY HE FLINGS
ITS CONTENTS OVER THE
MENACING HEAD OF
THE CLAW—

HERS GOES!

YEEEEEOWWW

BEFORE THE CLAW CAN RECOVER
—BILL STRIKES A MATCH—AND—

HOPE
THIS DOES
THE TRICK!

IN AN INSTANT THE
CLAW IS A ROARING
INFERNO—HIS PIERCING
CRY OF ANGUISH RINGS
OUT OVER THE CITY AS
THE FLAMES LEAP
HIGH IN THE SKY

DASHING INSANELY THROUGH
THE STREETS—HE HEADS
FOR THE WATERFRONT

QUENCHING THE FLAMES IN
THE RIVER—THE CLAW ENJOYS
ONLY MOMENTARY RELEASE—
FOR AT THIS OPPORTUNITY—
ARMY BOMBERS RENEW
THEIR ATTACK—

BLAST
THEM!

DOWN INTO THE DEPTHS OF
THE HUDON RIVER DIVES THE
CLAW—TO VANISH FROM THE
FACE OF CIVILIZATION—BUT
FOR HOW LONG?

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—
A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT—
THE TERRIBLE REIGN OF
TERROR CREATED BY THE
CLAW IS GONE—POLICE
ARE STILL SEARCHING FOR
THE ORIENTALS WHO DROPPED
MYSTERIOUS PILLS INTO HIS
MOUTH—MAKING HIS
ESCAPE
POSSIBLE?

BUT WE KNOW BETTER
THAN TO THINK THIS TO
BE THE END OF THE CLAW—
WHAT REVENGE DOES
HE PLAN FOR BILL HOP-
KINS? DON'T MISS NEXT
MONTH'S ISSUE!

PAT PATRIOT

AMERICA'S JOHN OF ARC!

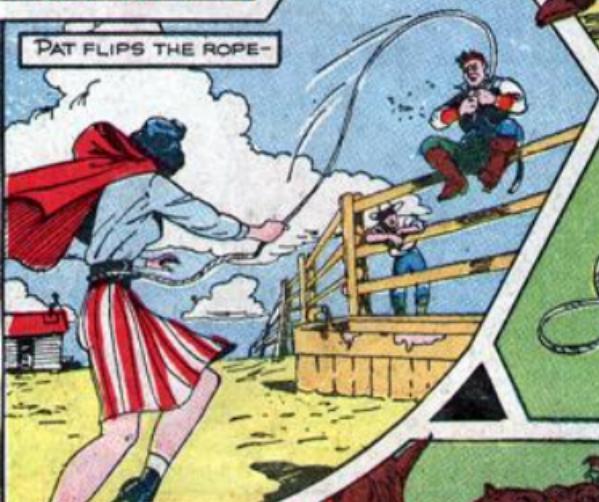


ARRIVING AT GLORY CANYON STATION



YIPPIE!
MY OLD FRIEND
CHESTER
WOOD -
HAS INVITED ME
TO HIS RANCH
OUT NEAR GLORY
CANYON, WHERE
HE IS IN CHARGE
OF BUILDING
THE
GLORY DAM!
HERE'S WHERE
PAT PATRIOT
GOES WEST!

YAHOO!
HEY --
BUTTERNOSE,
LOOKIT THE
PRETTY FILLY
GET'N OFF
THE TRAIN -
WHAT A
BEAUT!



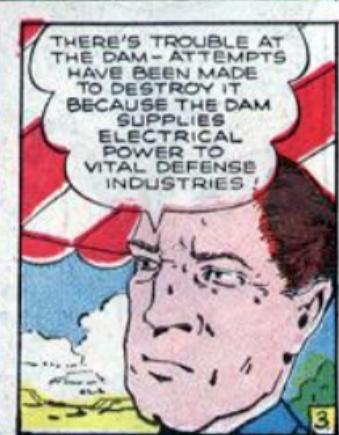


AT THE RANCH

THIS VACATION OF MINE CERTAINLY HAS A NICE START!



GEE -
PAT I'M
SORRY -
BUT I
REALLY
ASKED
YOU UP
HERE
TO HELP
ME OUT -
YOU SEE -







CHESTER SWINGS
INTO ACTION



NIGHT RICO

A KEEN ORIENTAL MIND PLOTS, PLANS AND LABORS UNDER ILLUSIONS OF SUPREMECY FOR ENTRUSTED TO IT'S JUDGEMENT IS CONTROL OF THE MOST GIGANTIC PLOT EVER TO STRIKE A NATION- THEN FROM THE DEPTHS OF DARKNESS STEPS NIGHTRO WITH SEEING EYE DOG, BLACKIE, AND SOON BEGINS A TITANIC BATTLE AS THE NIGHTLY NEMESIS OF EVIL DESPERATELY ATTEMPTS TO DEFEAT THE CLEVER AND RUTHLESS, SCHEME OF FU TONG.



THE STAR BLAZES A NOW
FAMILIAR, HEADLINE...



IN A SMALL SECLUDED APARTMENT A
BESPECTACLED FIGURE READS THE PUZZLING
NEWS--NIGHTRO!





① MINUTES
LATER NIGHTRO
WINGS OVER
THE ATLANTIC
IN SEARCH OF
THE LOST
PILOTS - BUT
A HEAVY
FOG BANK
HAS CLOSED
IN UPON
THE PLANE--

I'LL NEVER FIND
ANYTHING IN THIS
BLACKOUT - PERHAPS
I CAN GET BENEATH
THE FOG -

② PICKING
A BREAK
IN THE
MIST,
NIGHTRO
DIVES
THROUGH IT-

④ QUICKLY
NIGHTRO
LANDS NEXT
TO THE
WRECKED
NAVY
PLANE -

⑥ BUT AS NIGHTRO BENDS
OVER THE PROSTRATE MEN--

③ AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER --

THERE'S ONE
OF THEM - IT'S
A NAVY PLANE
ALRIGHT!

HOPE I'M
NOT TOO
LATE!

⑦ HAH! RONG WILL
BE PLEASED WITH
ME! THIS NIGHTRO
IS BETTER THAN
TEN NAVY PILOTS:
TAKE HIM TO
THE SCHOONER!



DEEP WITHIN THE HOLD, OF THE
ORIENTAL SCHOONER, THE MOST GIGANTIC
SABOTAGE PLOT OF ALL TIME IS REVEALED TO NIGHTRO

SO THE CURIOUS NIGHTRO
FELL INTO MY TRAP --
PERHAPS YOU WONDER
ABOUT THE DISAPPEARANCE
OF THE NAVY PILOTS?
YES, YOU ARE AMAZED
LIKE ALL THE REST?

BUT WHEN AMERICA IS
BEING ATTACKED BY THEIR
VERY PLANES AND PILOTS
THEN THEY WILL REALLY
BE AMAZED! I HAVE
SEVENTEEN ON MY ISLAND
BASE NOW--JUST WAITING
TO ATTACK--BUT YOU? YOU
WOULD NEVER SUBMIT TO MY
WILL--NO, YOU MUST DIE
NIGHTRO!

JUST
THEN A DARK
CREATURE SWIMS
THROUGH THE
WATER IN QUEST OF
ITS MASTER--BLACKIE!



BUT AT THIS
MOMENT A
SHIMMERING
BLACK FORM
LAUNCHES ITSELF
THROUGH THE
AIR--



BLACKIE MAKES SHORT WORK OF FONG...



...AND QUICKLY RELEASES NIGHTRO-



AT THIS MOMENT FROM THE OPEN DOOR WAY ---



LET'S GO, YOU TRICKY TURKS!



...HAIL HAIL, THE GANG'S ALL HERE!



LAST ONE UP WINS - BUT YOU DON'T!



ALRIGHT FONG! YOU TRICKED THE NAVY PILOTS INTO LANDING BESIDE YOUR DECOY PLANE - THEN CAPTURED THEM - WHERE ARE THEY?



T-THEY'RE ALL SAFE - LOCKED IN THE HOLD!

AFTER SEVERELY CROSS-EXAMINING FONG AND TYING UP HIS HENCH-MEN, NIGHTRO RUSHES TO THE SHIP'S WIRELESS SET, AND CALLS THE NAVY BASE--

AND THEN ALL YOUR MEN AND PLANES WERE STORED IN THE SHIP "QUEENIE" -- LATITUDE 680° LONGITUDE 140° -- PILOTS WERE TO BE DRUGGED AND SENT WITH OWN AIR CRAFT TO BOMB COASTAL CITIES, THAT CLEARS UP THE CASE GLAD TO HAVE HELPED THE U.S. ONCE AGAIN --

The BRONZE TERROR

REAL AMERICAN NUMBER ONE

Dick
Briefer

While the democracies battle for the survival against the evil forces of the dictatorships, fearless JEFF DIXON, prominent lawyer and full-blooded Indian, does his part in preserving the rights of peace-loving people in the greatest of the democracies - the United States of America! Jeff's Indian family and friends are being oppressed by a gang of brutal gangsters and corrupt politicians, and to bring them to justice, he assumes the character of the BRONZE TERROR CHAMPION OF LIBERTY AND INJUSTICE!

IN A LARGE
WESTERN CITY
Lives the local quill. It
is known by a series
of notes on the bank door

HOP INTO THE
CAR, BUTCH - AN'
HOLD THAT DOUGH
TIGHT!

Behind the Mask -













NEXT MONTH, AND THE NEXT MONTH, YES, FOR A LONG TIME, THE BRONZE TERROR WILL RETURN TO THRILL YOU WITH HAZZLING TALES OF MYSTERY AND ACTION IN DAREDEVIL COMICS.

Dash O'Liver

DILLON -
IF YOU DON'T
PASS THE
GERMAN EXAM
ON FRIDAY -
YOU WILL BE
INELIGIBLE
TO PLAY
FOOTBALL
THIS FALL

YES SIR -
DEAN ROBERTS
I'LL STUDY HARD
THE REST OF
THE WEEK -
GEE -
LISTEN
TO THAT?

AT
HALE

FLASH-TRANS-PRESS -
BULLETIN - WASHINGTON -
IT HAS JUST BEEN ANN-
OUNCED THAT AN UNI-
DENTIFIED SUBMARINE
HAS TORPEDOED THE
FIGHTER CITY OF
NORWALK. THE NAVY
AND COAST GUARD HAVE
BEEN ORDERED TO SEARCH
FOR IT. ANYONE SEEING
A SUBMARINE REPORT
IT AT ONCE TO YOUR
NEAREST - - - -

GUESS I'LL GO
DOWN TO THE
BEACH AND
STUDY THERE

OH NUTS! SOON
AS I GET ALONE
WITH YOU HERE
COMES THAT
DILLON GUY

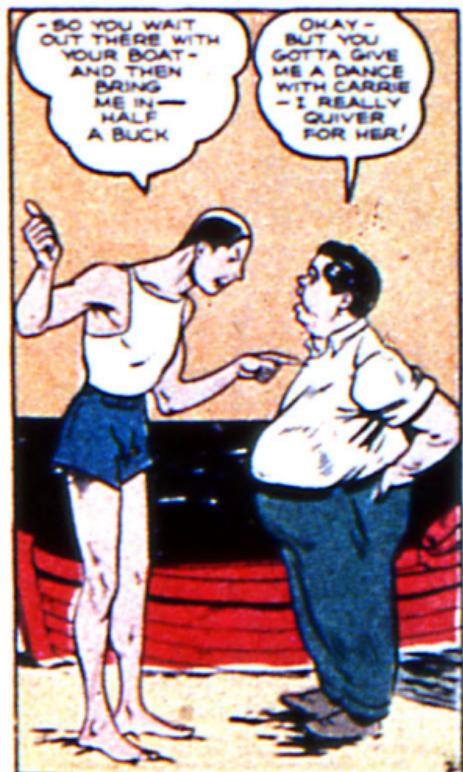
HELLO
DASH

HI CARRIE - PHOOEY!
SHE WOULD BE WITH
THAT DOPE SOCKO -
GEE - I'M GONNA HAVE
A TOUGH TIME TRYIN'
TO STUDY HERE!

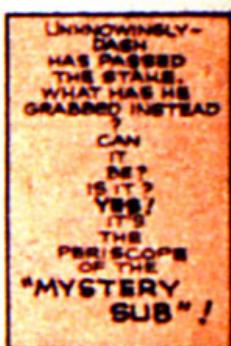
COMPO BEACH
SAUGATUCK
BRIDGEPORT
FAIRFIELD

HI, DASH -
I GOTTA GET RID
OF THIS GUY
SOMEHOW

HOW'M I
GONNA BE ALONE
WITH CARRIE,
NOW?



HEADS BURIED IN THE WATER, THE TWO CONTENDERS CUT THROUGH THE WATER - DASH INCREASING HIS LEAD WITH EACH STROKE -





THIRTEEN

FRIDAY



© HAMILTON KANE

WHEN A GRUESOME BUDDHA
COMES TO AMERICA FROM THE
DIM, SINISTER HEART OF EGYPT,
THEN DOES 13, THE NEMESIS OF
ALL TIME, SWEEP - LIKE A TOR-
NADO - THROUGH THE VALLEY OF
CRIME, DOWN INTO THE GALLERY OF
ANCIENT EVIL TO MEET FACE
TO FACE THE MOST AWE INSPIRING,
BARELY BELIEVABLE MYSTERY
THE MODERN WORLD HAS EVER
KNOWN, IN THIS, THE STRANGE

TALE OF
"THE
GLASS
GARGOYLE"

13 STROLLS
DOWN FIFTH
AVENUE ONE
WARM NIGHT

H-M-M! THIS IS THE
DAY THAT EGYPTIAN
BUDDHA GOES ON
EXHIBITION AT
SACKER'S ART
GALLERY - GUESS
I'LL TAKE A LOOK
AT IT

THERE'S A LOT OF
MYSTERY ATTACHED
TO THAT GRIESEOME
LITTLE GARGOYLE -
I WONDER HOW MUCH
OF IT IS TRUE?

AND WHILE WE ARE
NOT ONES TO BELIEVE
IN ANCIENT SUPER-
STITIONS --

IT WOULD BE FOOL-HARDY TO
SAY ALL TRAGEDY ATTACHED TO
THIS BUDDA WAS CO-INCENTIAL.
-THE ORIGINAL OWNER OF THE
GLASS GARGOYLE - PRINCE ANTARK
-SUFFERED SUCH MISERY AND
MISFORTUNE THAT HE GAVE THE
BUDDA TO AN OLD
PEASANT WOMAN
-FROM THERE IT--

AS THE GROUP
LISTENS TO THE
STRANGE TALE -
A FIGURE CALLS
FROM THE REAR
OF THE
EXHIBITION --

GUARD!
COULD
I SEE
YOU A
MOMENT!

THANKS
COPPER!

ALRIGHT!
LET'S
GO!

IN AN INSTANT THE ART GALLERY BECOMES
A BLAZING INFERNO OF GUN-FIRE --
SUPPOSED CUSTOMERS FLASH GUNS AND
SLAM THEIR WAY TO THE ATTENDANT'S
PEDESTAL --

GRAB THAT GLASS
GARGANTUA-ROLLO!

COME ON!
COME ON!
SHAKE A LEG!
EVERYONE
IS GOING
CRAZY
OUT HERE!



DRESSED IN HIS DISTINCTIVE ATTIRE - AS 13 - HAROLD HIGGINS DASHES OUT OF THE ART GALLERY IN PURSUIT -



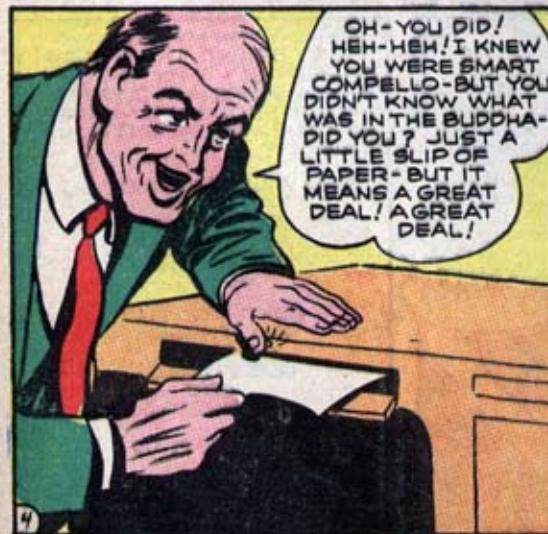


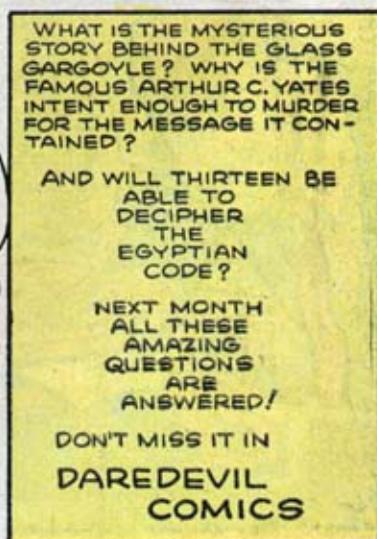
A FEW MINUTES LATER - COMPELLO - THE SLICKEST RACKETEER IN THE CITY - RUSHES INTO THE STUDIO OF ARTHUR YATES - WORLD FAMED EXPLORER AND LECTURER -----



AT LAST I HAVE IT!
ALL MINE! THE MISSING
BUDDHA OF PRINCE
ANTARK - YOU HAVE
DONE WELL - COMPELLO
- VERY WELL!

YEH / AND IT
WASN'T EASY!
I HAD TO LICK
13 AND HALF OF
THE NEW YORK
POLICE FORCE -
TO GET IT - COM-
PELLO NEVER
MISSES -





has got me half crazy. First it's at San Quentin — they blow a hole in the wall and right away our prize prisoner, Sapone, slips through the wall and out to sea. Then in Georgia, New York, and Cleveland the same thing happens — Now Shultz is loose. This is being engineered by a very clever gang and SOMETHING's got to be done!

Daredevil smiled slightly at the Captain's fervour, "That's exactly why I've come Captain, I have an idea."

All through the night the two best crime fighting heads of the country talked and laid plans. In the morning Daredevil's plan was put into action. Disguised as a recent jewel thief he was sent up to Sing Sing in handcuffs. And at the same time the papers came out with the announcement that the thief he was impersonating had just inherited several hundred thousand dollars. It was a fine looking bait to throw before the greedy eyes of the racket kings. If there was anything to Daredevil's theory that a racket boss was engineering these escapes for big dough he would soon know.

For a week Daredevil stayed at Sing Sing without anything uncommon happening. He was treated like any other prisoner. Served the same food, treated as nicely or as meanly as any criminal for even the guards didn't know his true identity. Then one day, Mr. Daglow, a small pock marked man came to see him. The proposition was to the point and simple. For a guarantee of fifty thousand dollars they, the leaders of the gang would make possible his escape from the jail. Nothing for him to do, just wait for a message telling him his part. Playing his cards carefully Daredevil hesitated at first and then finally accepted. Fifty thousand dollars was a lot of money — but he would pay. A week later Daglow returned and for twenty minutes whispered directions over and over again to him. Within a week the machinery of the vast criminal ring went into action. Following his orders to the letter he gained permission to work in the laundry under false pretenses. When the

supply "truck" arrived with the week's laundry material he was quickly hustled inside and minutes later was speeding outside the prison. Hours afterward he stood before Hans Mohair, the biggest racket man in the country. In a flash, Daredevil snapped into action. The crooks didn't get the fifty thousand dollars they were after but they did get a good supply of fists. He sailed into them like a holocaust and before he was through belted into submission twelve members of the cleverest gang combine the country has ever known. Even the escaped Shultz was picked up by the crusading Daredevil. Following a tip by a squealing member of the gang he cornered the gangleader in a lavishly furnished apartment on Park Ave. But Shultz had seen too much of prison life to be taken alive. When he realized escape was impossible he pitched himself from a twentieth story window to his death on the street below. A suitably ugly end for an ugly character.

The only regret Daredevil was heard to mention was that such clever craftsmanship and superb business management should be wasted with something on the wrong side of the law. These same men if they had directed their efforts into a legalized branch of society might well have become prominent figures in the industrial, economic and technical makeup of the country. Which just goes to prove an old but often ignored adage . . . Crime will never pay.

THE END

DAREDEVIL'S PUNCH-OF-THE-MONTH

The SOLAR-PLEXUS Punch JUST BELOW THE MID-RISS

Always remember, jolts, powerful strong right hand blows to the stomach can do more damage than a solid haymaker to the jaw. When delivering this right hand body blow, get all the weight of the shoulder behind it, swing your frame with power and snap the punch as much as possible. If it hits near the heart your opponent and leaves him passing for out. Next month we'll try a few pointers on defense . . . until then . . .

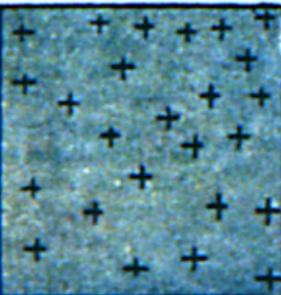


Daredevil

See long

PUZZLE FUN

BY A. W. NUGENT



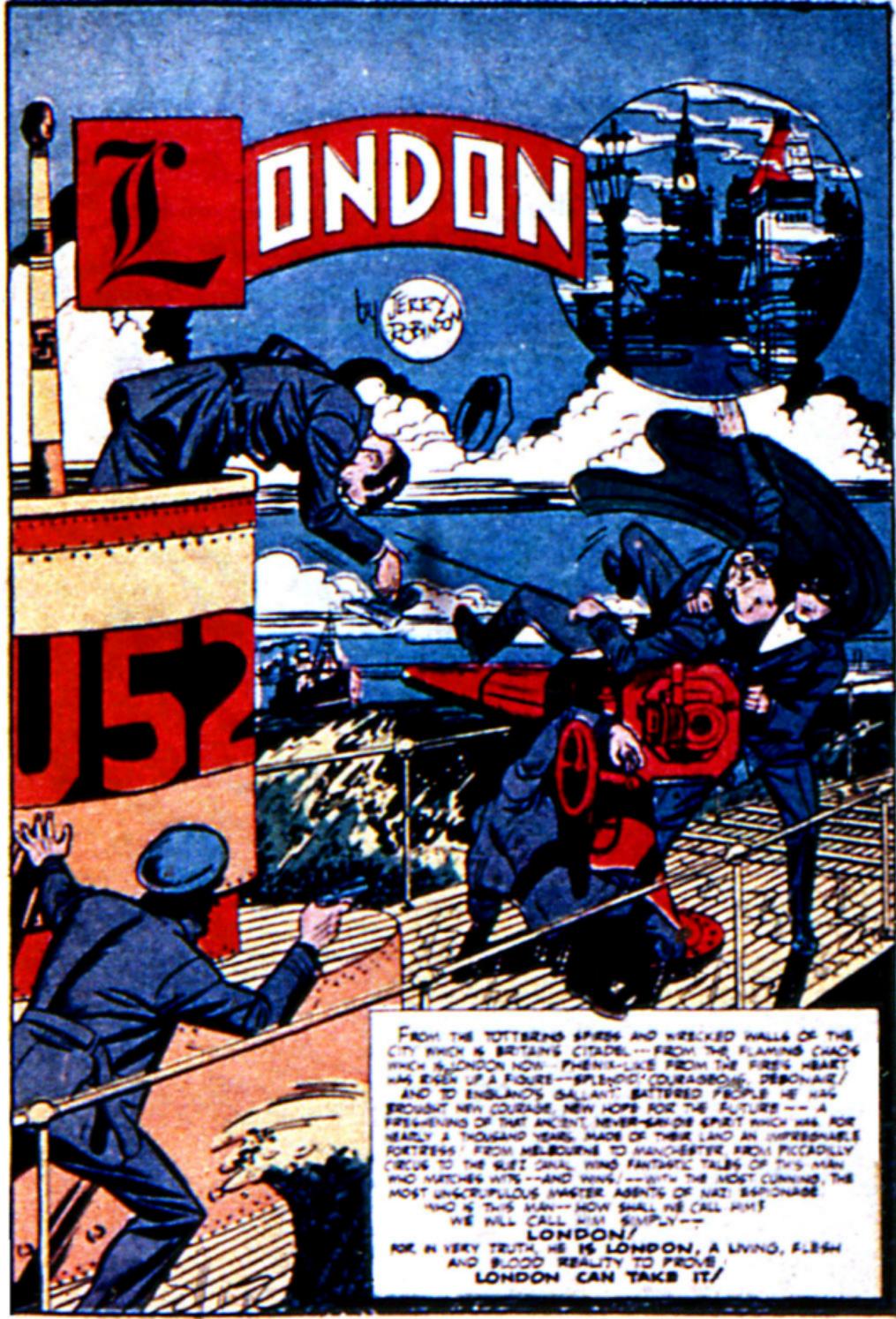
JACK BUNNY IS FACED WITH A RATHER TRICKY LITTLE PROBLEM. HERE HE IS SUPPOSED TO DRAW JUST TWO STRAIGHT LINES ON THE SQUARE SO THAT IT WILL BE DIVIDED INTO FOUR PARTS WITH AN EQUAL NUMBER OF CROSSES IN EACH PART. CAN YOU DO IT?



TRY TO DIVIDE THE ABOVE OBLONG
IN SEVEN PARTS BY DRAWING
THREE STRAIGHT LINES SO
THERE WILL BE ONE ROOSTER
IN EACH DIVISION. FOR EXAMPLE



MOM HEN DREW A RABBIT
LILY AND A SQUIRREL AND
THESE OTHER SKETCHES.
CAN YOU FIND THEM?



FROM THE TOTTERING SPREES AND WRECKED WALLS OF THE CITY WHICH IS BRITAIN'S CITADEL --- FROM THE FLAMING CHAOS WHICH HOLLOWED NOW --- PHENIX-LIKE FROM THE FIRE'S HEART HAS Risen Up A FIGURE --- SPLENDID! COURAGEOUS! BRAVEHEART! --- AND TO ENGLAND'S BALKANT, BATTERED PEOPLE HE HAS BROUGHT MEN COURAGE, NEW HOPES FOR THE FUTURE --- A FRESHENING OF THAT ANCIENT, NEVER-ENDING SPIRIT WHICH HAS FOR NEARLY A THOUSAND YEARS MADE OF THIS LAND AN IMPERSONAL FORTRESS --- FROM MELBOURNE TO MANCHESTER, FROM PICCADILLY CIRCUS TO THE SUIT CRAY WIND FANTASTIC TALES OF THIS MAN WHO MATCHES WITS --- AND WINS! --- WITH THE MOST CUNNING, THE MOST UNSCRUPULOUS ANOTHER, AGENTS OF NAZI, IMPERIADE! WHO IS THIS MAN? HOW SHALL WE CALL HIM?

WE WILL CALL HIM SIMPLY ---

LONDON!

FOR IN VERY TRUTH, HE IS LONDON, A LIVING, FLESH AND BLOOD BEAUTY TO PROVE! LONDON CAN TAKE IT!

IT IS ALL-OUT WAR THAT
BRITAN RACES IN HER TITANIC
STRUGGLE FOR
EXISTENCE / WAR /
ON LAND - IN THE
AIR -- AND ON
THE SEA, BUT
THE PASSENGERS
POINTING AT
ENGLAND'S HEART
ARE THE
VICIOUS LOOTERS
OF THE ATLANTIC
SEA LANES --
SUBMARINES /
DEADLY NAZI
SUBMARINES WHICH
ARE STRIKING
WITH EVER-
INCREASING
RAPIDITY AND
UNCANNY RESULTS -



THE ADMIRALTY IMMEDIATELY ANNOUNCED THAT AT 21:15 YESTER MORNING THE H.M.S. ALBION -

SHOT DOWN THE SUBMARINE WHICH WAS REPORTEDLY ENGAGED IN AN ATTEMPT

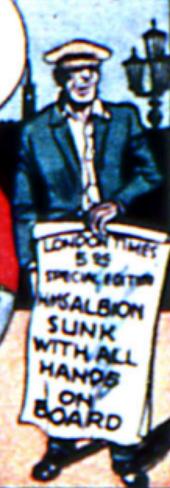
TO DESTROY THE ATLANTIC LINE SHIPS. THIS REPORT WAS SUBSTANTIATED BY AN ENEMY

SPY CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH AND WAS PURCHASED BY THE BRITISH MARITIME AUTHORITY WITH

ALL MARITIME VICTORY OF 1941 WILL BE OUT OF TOWN. - - - - - LONDON REPORTS THAT THE

LLOYD'S
SINKINGS -
SHIP TON
H.M.S.
ELBA
H.M.S.
LYNMONT
H.M.S.
ALBION

CONTINUED. THIS VICIOUS
SUBMARINE PREDATOR IS HAVING
AT THE VERY LIFE-LINE OF
THE EMPIRE. VIGOROUS
ACTION IS NEEDED - SOMETHING
MUST BE DONE -
AND DONE SOON!



IN A PRIVATE MEETING OF THE BRITISH HIGH-
COMMISSIONERS CO., THAT BRILLIANT REHEAVERS
MURKIE HOLMES, HANOVER, HAS PREPARED

FROM THE HEART OF LONDON, THIS IS MURKIE
HOLMES SPEAKING - NOT LONG AGO I FLEW ABOVE
HARBOUR LONDON TO BRING TO YOU THE BRAVE
FIGHT WHICH EVERY DAY, EVERY HOUR, IS BEING
MADE IN OUR RIVAL AIRPORT. SOON I WILL
BRING BACK TO YOU THE FIRST-EYE WITNESS

REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC /

ALL ENGLAND STANDS
ARMED AT THE
DEATH-DEALING SUBMARINE
HARBOR THAT THREATENS
OUR MIGHTY
MERCHANT
MARINE FROM THE
MEDITERRANEAN
AND CLAMP DOWN A
STRANGLING BLOCKADE
UPON THE ISLAND EMPIRE!



NEXT NIGHT - SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND, A SHIP DUE TO SAIL AT MIDNIGHT. A DEESE THROAT AWAKES THE SHIP'S
SAILORS. HERE THEY ARE - A TYPICAL CROSS SECTION OF THOSE WHOSE BUSINESS TAKES THEM FROM ENGLAND'S
MEDITERRANEAN SHORES FREE AND HAIRY OF THE UNITED STATES. - - - - - FOUR AMONG THEM STAND OUT - - - - -
A DIPLOMAT - A CONDEMNED CRIMINAL - AN AMATEUR PLAYWRIGHT - A FADING MOVIE-ACTERIA /

I HOPE WE GET
THROUGH - - - I WISH
I HAD TAKEN THE
CLIPPER!

DON'T WORRY BUG
IS YOUR NUMBER UP
IT'S UP / ME - I DON'T CARE
THAT'S A MURDERER
WAITING FOR ME /

SOME DAY I'LL WRITE
THE GREATEST TRAGEDY
OF ALL TIME ON
MY THEATRE!

FOR ME! THE GREATEST
DRAMATIC ACTRESS
OF ALL TIME!



A SILENT
NIGHT MAKES
UP THE
PARTY...
MARC HOLMES

ALL PASSENGERS
WILL GO BELOW!
BRING YOUR PAS-
PORTS. PLEASE SHIP
JAMES IN FIVE MINUTES.
NO ONE WILL BE
ALLOWED ON DECK
UNTIL THE SHIP HAS
SAILED!

PREPOSTEROUS!
ALL THIS
CHILDISH
PRECAUTION!

SAH! SHERE
MELODRAMA!
ANYONE WOULD
THINK THERE
WAS GOLD
ABOARD!

THE CAPTAIN
WALKS ON DECK
TO A WAITING
SUBMARINE.
THE SUBMERSIBLE
ISN'T GOING TO HARM
THE SHIP. IT'S
GOING TO ANOTHER

SIR, YOUR SON
SAILING DECK PROCEEDED
FIFTEEN MILES ON
YOUR COURSE. BREAK
SAIL AND FOLLOW
INSTRUCTIONS!

PUTTING TO SEA
ON THE DARK MO-
NTH TIDE THE
MORNING QUARTER
CAME WITH THE BAR
* HAZARD BOUND.

TWO DAYS LATER... IN THE CAPTAIN'S
CAVE, MARC HOLMES LISTENING TO
STARTLING NEWS...

A SUBMARINE
SIGHTED! OUR
COURSE WAS
SECRET. HOW
COULD IT
KNOW?
WHAT WILL HAPPEN
TO ALL PASSENGERS
TO THE LOUNGE?

THE IS TIME
TO GET THE
PASSENGERS' REACTIONS
TO THIS NEWS!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN THE FIRST
CLASS LOUNGE, MARC HOLMES
QUESTIONS THE DIPLOMAT...

UNFORGIVABLY, BARON
BARTHON. HOW MUCH
IMPORTANCE DO
YOU ATTACH TO THE
SUBMARINE IN THE
PRESENT WART?

I THINK THE
SUBMARINE WILL
PROVE TO BE
ONE OF THE
MOVIE FACTORY!

—THEN THE ACTRESS AND THE
PLAYWRIGHT...

NOW, MAY I HEAR
FROM THE WORLD
OF ART. YOU
MISS REVERE AND
YOU, MR. BLAND...?

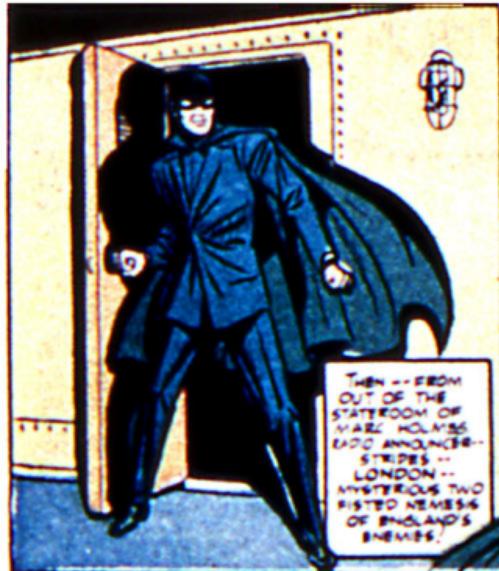
OR COURSE, WE
ARTISTS ARE
ABOVE THE
VULGARITY
OF WAR!

MAR HOLMES,
I'M AFRAID
THAT MY
TYPIST
TALKS
BETTER
THAN MY
TONGUE.

SUSPEND THE SMART VOICE OF
THE CAPTAIN...

PASSENGERS! A FOUL EMERGENCY HAS
ARSENED! A GERMAN SUBMARINE REPORTED
IN OUR VICINITY AND A CONDEMNED MURKIE
UNDER ESCAPE TO WHERE IT HOPED
DESPERATE AS HE IS, IS ALREADY NOW BE
ATTEMPTING TO RETURN OUR
POSITION TO THE ENEMY.
HE IS DANGEROUS AND SO I
REQUEST YOU ACTION TO YOUR
CAPTAIN IMMEDIATELY!





THEN -- FROM OUT OF THE STATEROOM OF MARK HOLMES, RADIO ANNOUNCER-- STRIDES -- LONDON -- MYSTERIOUS TWO-FISTED NEMESIS OF ENGLAND'S ENEMIES.





London technically completes the unfinished play—and writes a new, macabre scene that is really to be enacted—and destined to be recorded in the annals of naval history!

TOP GREATEST STORIES OF ALL TIME
AUG 111
BOOK 1

In a Nazi submarine, the commander and the first mate in the control room...
DISCUSS WHAT TO DO. POSITION
FIRST-MATE INSTRUCTS ENGINEER TO SILENTLY
"CLOSER" POSITION—NOT TOO CLOSE!

SEPT 11
SUBMARINE CAPTURED
SUBMARINE PARTY ARRESTED
SUBMARINE CAPTURED
SUBMARINE CAPTURED
SUBMARINE CAPTURED

OVER THE TELETYPE-TYPEWRITER FLASHES
THE CODED PLAY TO THE NAZI SUBMARINE

AC-1
BOOBY!



PREPARING TO RAISE THE
SHIP IN ACCORD WITH THE
TELETYPE-INSTRUCTIONS, THE
UNDERSEA PREDATOR SUDDENLY
HALTS UP INTO VIEW WHERE
LONDON'S FLAMING SIGNALS
THE ENEMY!



THE NAZI SUBMARINE SLIDES
EASILY ALONG THE SIDE AS
HER COMMANDER BANS A
SHADE COMMAND!



-WITH HOT LEAD SEARING THRU HIS BODY—THE CONQUERED MAN LANDS WITH STUNNING FORCE—SENDING THE MAN FEELING DOWN THE HATCHES—but in response to the COMMANDER'S PEANTRY ORDER TO ELIMINATE THE CRUSHING MASS OF STEEL, THE HATCH DOOR—SWINGS DOWN ON THE DYING CRIMINAL!

—LONDON AND THE NAZI COMMANDER STRUGGLE IN THE RISING WATER ON THE SINKING U-BOAT—PROX—AND TO THE MURDERER COMES THE HERO'S PATH HE SOUGHT SO BRAVELY—PROX—

HIS BODY WEDGED FIRMLY IN THE HATCH OF THE SINKING ENEMY TONS OF WATER PUSH DOWN THE COVING TOWER

WE'LL TRAPPEM
LIKE THIS

HMMEL

NEVER TO RISE AGAIN, THE U-BOAT SANK INTO THE SEA. MONSTROUS SPLITS OF AIR-ITS ONLY BREATHABLE SUPPLY VIOLENTLY TO THE SURFACE—AND AGAIN THE LAST BREATH THE SUPPORTING METAL MONSTER DIED.

SUDDENLY THE GUNPOLE OF THE SHIP'S HELLS—STUDENT VOICES VANISH THROUGH THE NIGHT AS THE ENEMY VESSEL COULD TO LIFE! A SHRAFT OF LIGHT PUNCHES OUT THE BOILING BORN THE VICTOR IN THE STRUGGLE OF DEATH OR DEATHLY WITNESSHIPS!

—HOURS LATER—ABOARD THE MORELAND QUEEN—THE CAPTAIN SPEAKS—

—AND THE NOTE PAGED TO YOUR TELETYPE MACHINE, MR. BLAND, READS SIMPLY—“TO ENGLAND, ANOTHER BANEY AGENT, WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF LONDON”—AND THEN HE DALLANTIETO HIS COUNTRY OF THE MENACE OF YOUR FINDER, HERZ COMMANDER—AND SO DEATH IS EVIDENTLY THE END OF YOUR GREAT TREASURY, BANDO—DEATH TO THE GREATEST CHAMPION OF VENGEANCE!

DOSSIE HES
GOOOTT?
LONDON'S DEATH
IS 6600TH A
THOUSAND
U-BOATS!

THE GERMAN COMMANDER—
CAN IT BE THAT LONDON—
IS SILENTLY FOREVER
IN A WATERY GRAVE?



But suddenly, MARC HOLMES enters—

—AH, CAPTAIN, I HEARD WHAT OCCURRED—ALL IN ONE MASTER STROKE BY LONDON—but I doubt he perished—he is the SPIT OF LONDON—and that can't be overlooked!

—HE—
I HOPE SO,
HOLMES—
BUT TOO BAD
YOU DON'T
ACTUALLY SEE
IT—YOU
ARMED YOUR
GREATEST
SCOOBY!

THE MORELAND QUEEN DOCKS IN NEW YORK—HAPPY AT LAST!

—IT'S ALL TOO SIMPLY CHARLY THAT I
SHOULD HAVE TO
ENDURE SUCH AN
UNVENTUREFUL TRIP
NOT A SHRED OF
PUBLICITY!—AND
SUCH WRETCHED
TREATMENT!

—I AGREE WITH
YOU, ABSOLUTELY,
MARVELLE—NOT
UNCOMFORTABLE
AH, HOW I HAD
I HAD TAKEN
EE CLIPPER!

—QUITE A
FRUSTRATING
TRIP THAT
I THINK I
WILL TAKE
EE CLIPPER
BACK!

MARC HOLMES CLIPPER'S BACK TO
ENGLAND AND AGAIN BROADCASTS—

—YES, THE WORLD'S A STRANGE PLACE
WHERE A CONDEMNED PUPPYBREED SHIFTS HIS
LIFE THAT OTHERS MAY LIVE—THAT LONDON
MAY LIVE TO AGAIN THwart THE NAZIS—
AND TO ENJOY MY TALE OF WHAT I CAN OF
COURAGE AND MY ADVENTURES IN THE BATTLE OF
THE ATLANTIC. BUT EVERY DAY, EVERY HOUR AND
ACTED OUT A THOUSAND
DRAAMPS OF THE BRAVE
MEN WHOSE PERILS
COURAGE BRIGHT PATH
ENEMY FOOL IS OUR
SHORES—HOLD IT ALL
UNUSING!



—YES, LONDON, THE SAME—THE LIVING
TO AGAIN FIGHT FOR FREEDOM!

WHIRLWIND

THE
BLOND
BOMBER
!!



WHEN A HOLLYWOOD
HEART-THROB BUYS
A FIGHTER - SHE
WANTS MORE THAN
BOXING -
SO WHEN JACKIE
WINGS BOUGHT
UP WHIRLWIND'S
CONTRACT AND
TRIED TO TRAIN
HIM ON TEA DANCE
SOCIALS - THE
WORLD'S FOREMOST
CONTENDER FOR
THE CHAMPIONSHIP
STOPPED THE
AFFAIR WITH A
RIGHT CROSS -
WHICH BROUGHT
THE WHOLE
FIGHT GAME
DOWN
ON HIS
NECK -

IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, TERRY IS CALLED
TO THE BEDSIDE OF HIS SICK MANAGER -



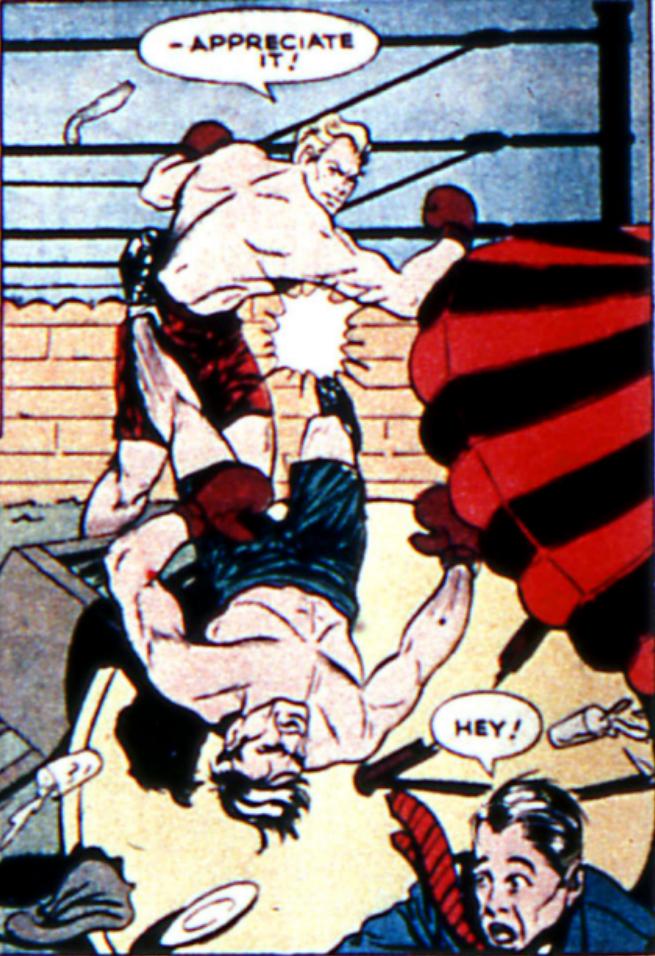
THE DOC SAYS I
WON'T BE WELL
FOR A LONG TIME -
THERE'S NO SENSE
IN MY TRYING TO
MANAGE YOU ANY
LONGER - I - I'VE
PUT YOUR CONTRACT
IN THE HANDS OF
ATTORNEY ATWOOD
- MY LAWYER -



WELL, MR. TURNER, YOUR
CONTRACT HAS BEEN BOUGHT
UP BY A HOLLYWOOD STAR -
WHO EXPECTS YOU OUT AT
WESTCHESTER TOMORROW TO
HELP WITH AN AID FOR BRITAIN
BOXING EXHIBITION - HERE'S THE
NAME AND ADDRESS











AS THE CROWD ROARS-TERRY STEPS IN AND SPARS EASILY WITH MAULER MURPHY, A HAS-BEEN IN THE PUGILISTIC WORLD —



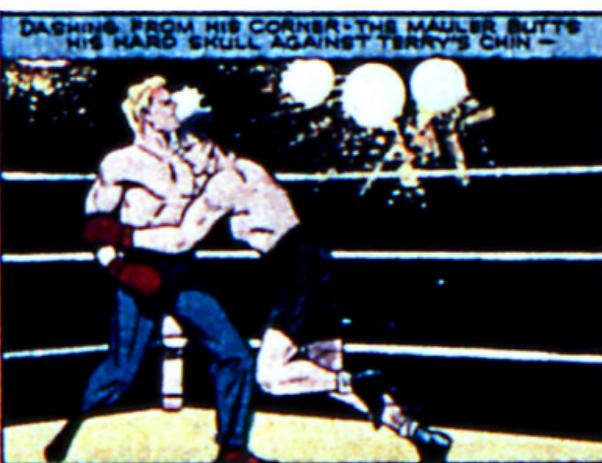
AT THE BELL, FINISHING THE ROUND THE MAULER SWINGS A LATE PUNCH!!



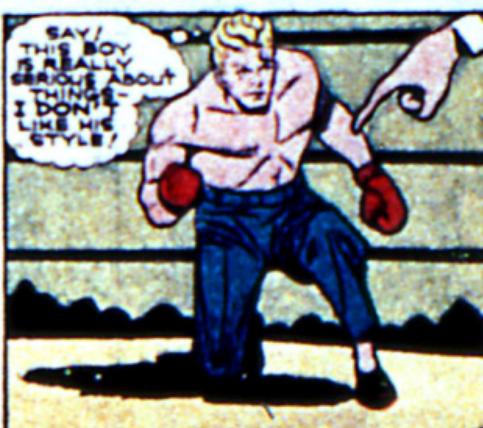
IF I KNOCK THIS WHIRLWIND GUY OVER - I CAN GET BACK IN THE FIGHT RACKET - AND FOR GOOD DOUGH!

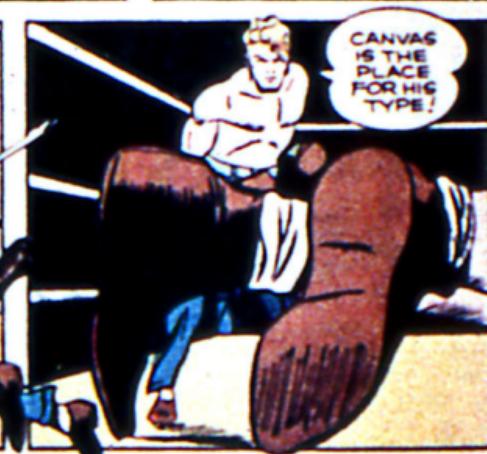
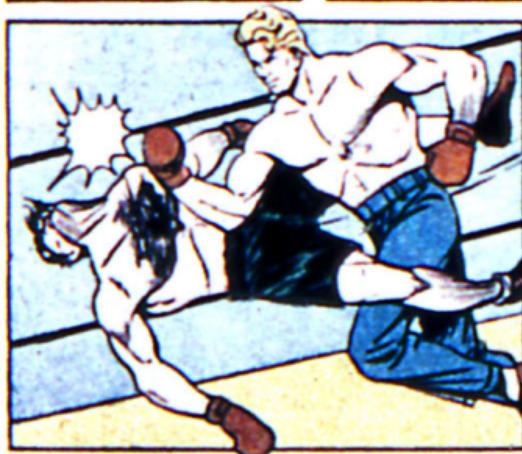
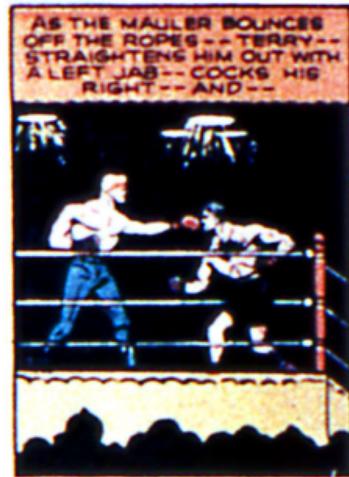


DASHING FROM HIS CORNER - THE MAULER BUTTS HIS HARD SKULL AGAINST TERRY'S CHIN -



- THEN RUSHES HIM TO THE ROPES WITH A WILD FLURRY OF FOUL BLOWS -





GET IT ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

NOTHING
LIKE IT
EVER!



IT'S TERRIFIC!

